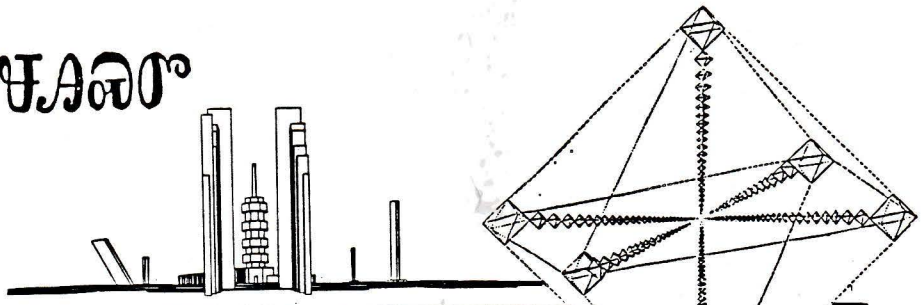
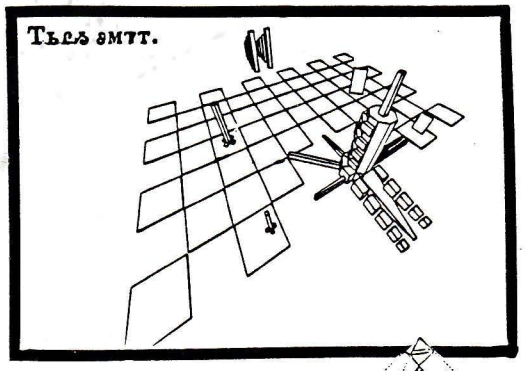
GET SET UP

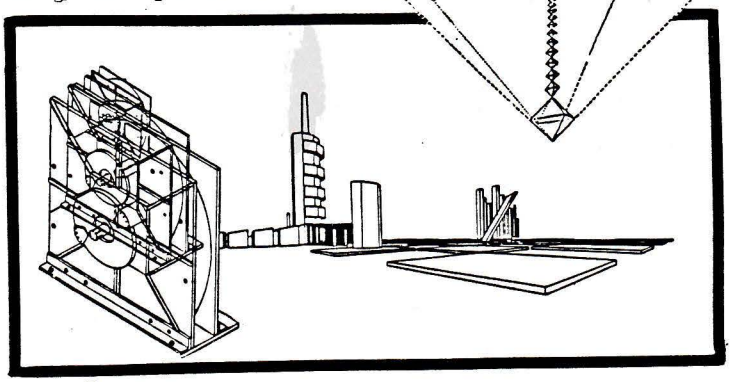
no.5

TV OZIO LHAOO

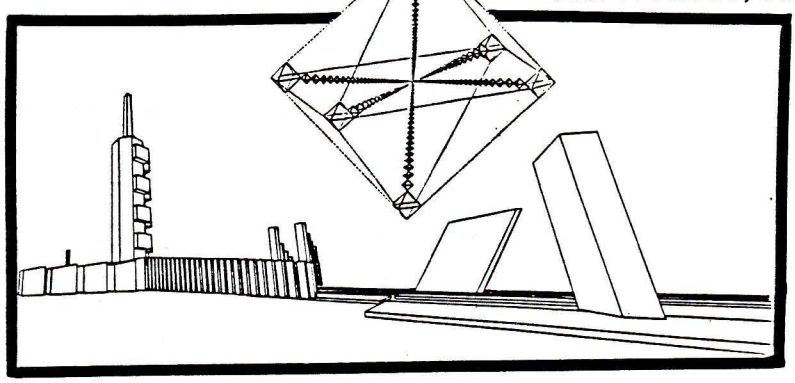
OPOhYRZ EhGW JOtCJ-VA OO-EO ZOIC EhIR QOJO KC DOYLOET, AD QJ4OT; WOJA, DO WJQA DAI DO OH DO OIIJ, ThW OGA, OtZ JO-OJ Eh OEJTQOI, RGOQZ D4 OAI OOJ DAI OAOJA.

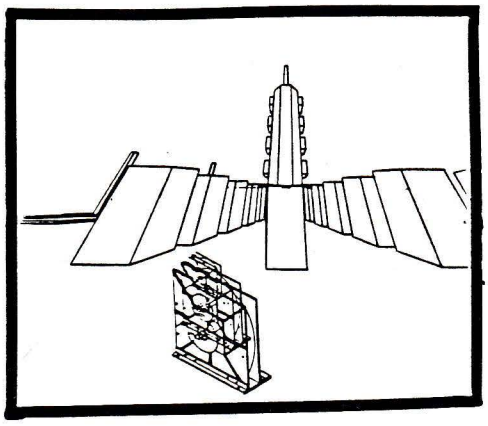






D4Z OOJO- DhW OEOGA JJA OVt RGO OtJCBOt-OOJ Ot JGAOJA; D4Z.





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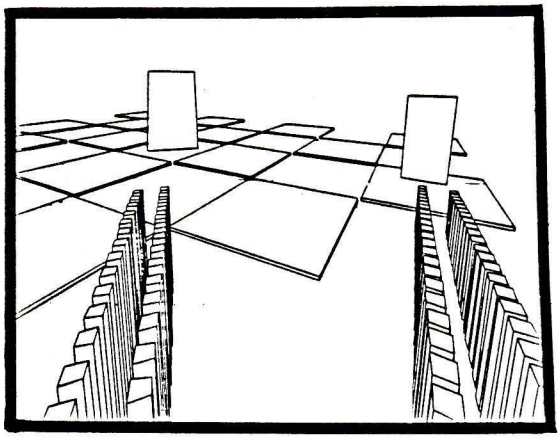

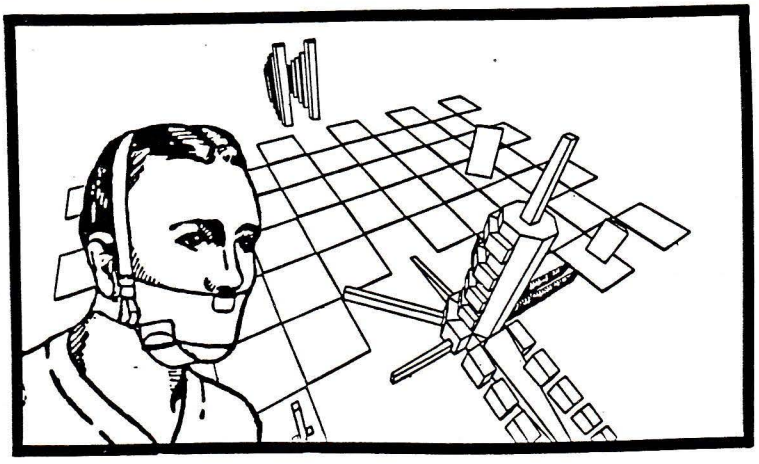

OEOGA TSVI hU SGJO OVIS.

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Success comes in many different ways and many different forms... often quite unexpectedly! But what is true success? This is the story of a fellow who gets just what he always wanted...

Success at Last!

created in its entirety by K.DeVries

Ya gotta believe me, Doc! I'm not a dangerous lunatic! My name is Nelson N. Noslen and I've just killed my baby nephew!!

ULP!

© K. DV— 1986

Aw, cripes! I'm gonna be late an' I still gotta drop off Baby Nelson at my sister's!

WA!

...and this Real Estate seminar might be my big chance! I can't blow this one!

Oops! Today's garbage day!

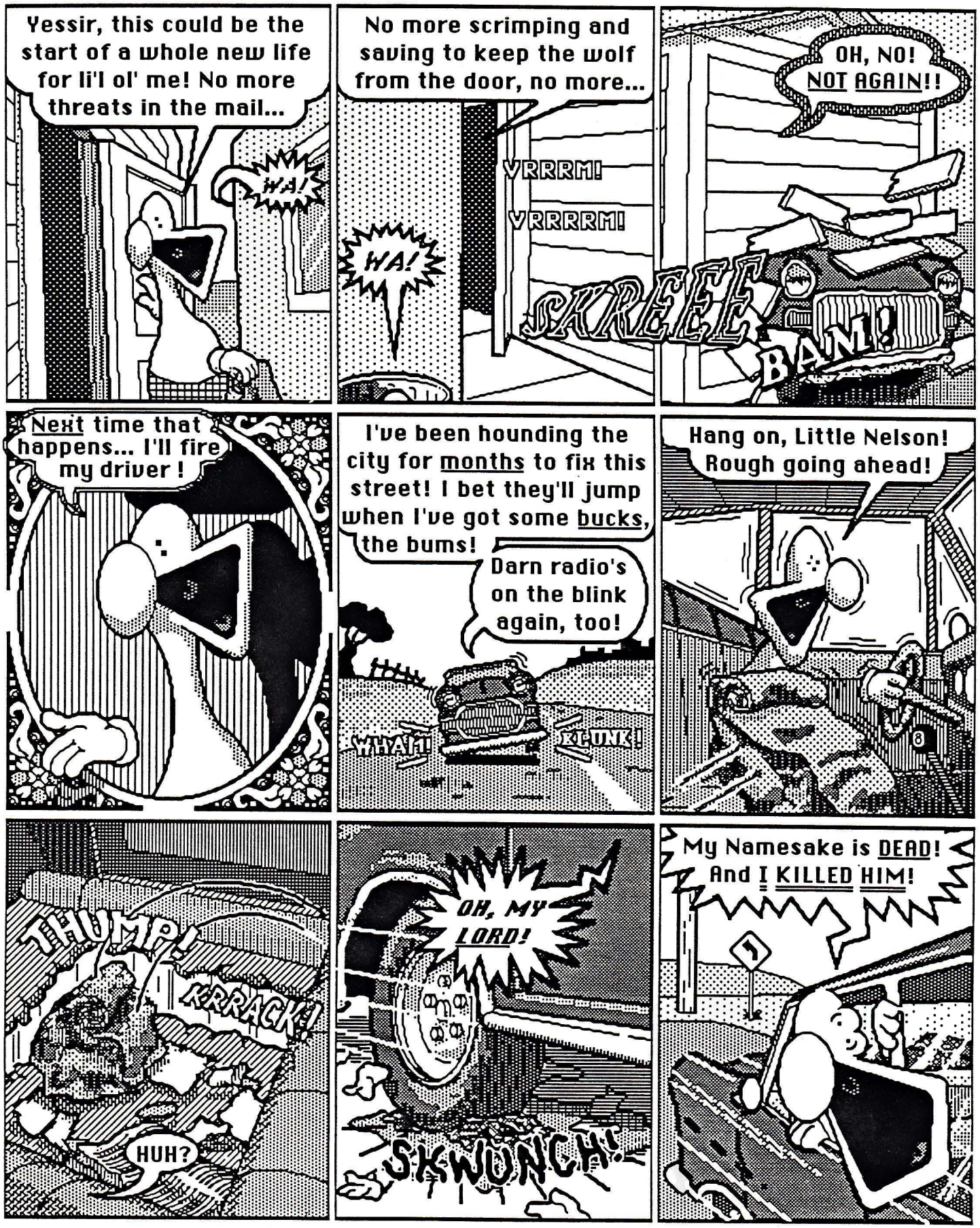
Ah quit yer squallin', ya little..

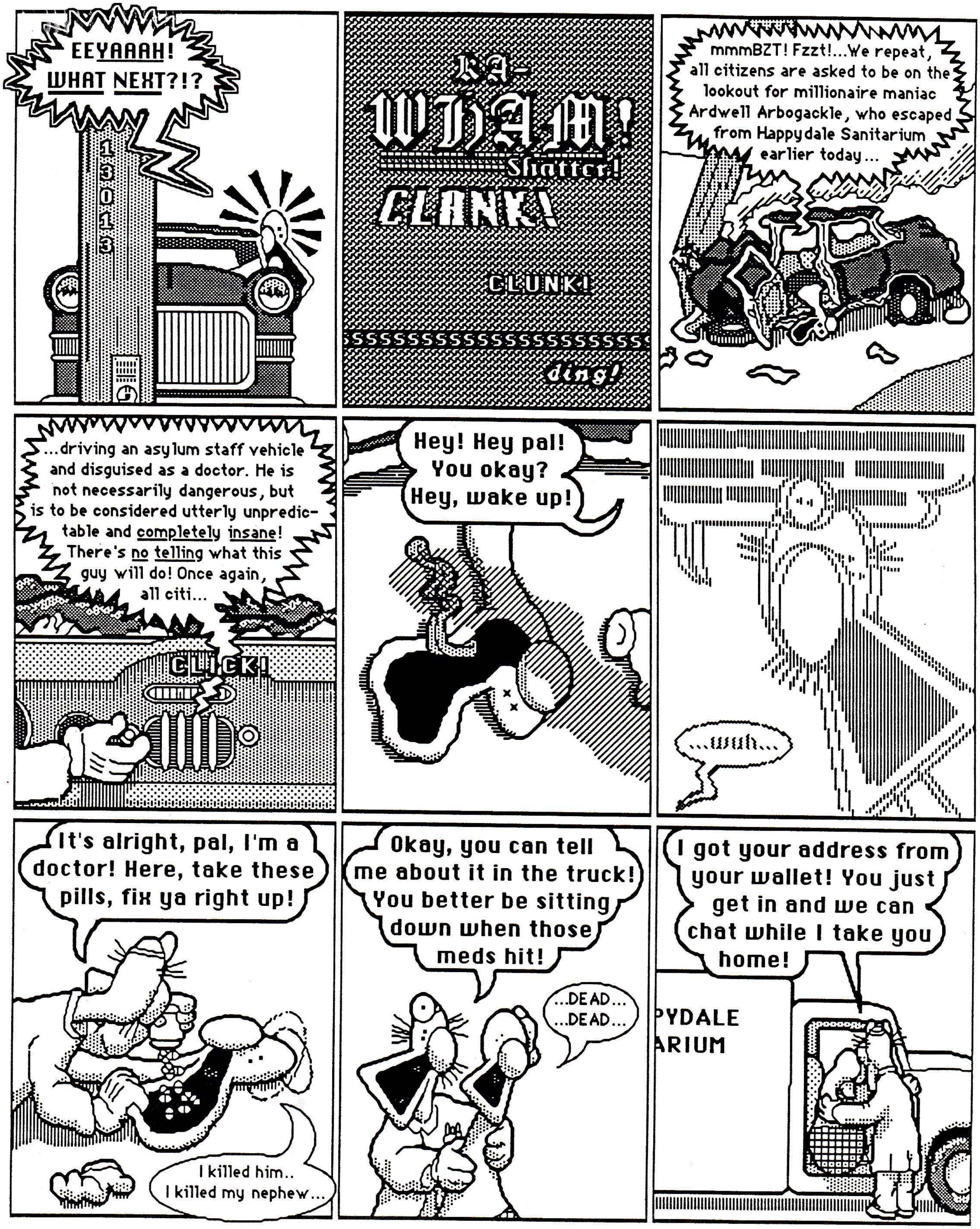
GRAB

WA!

I could be set up for life! No more worries! Nothin' to do but relax and take it easy!

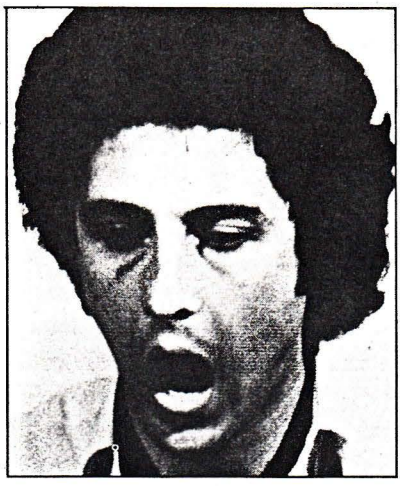
WA!

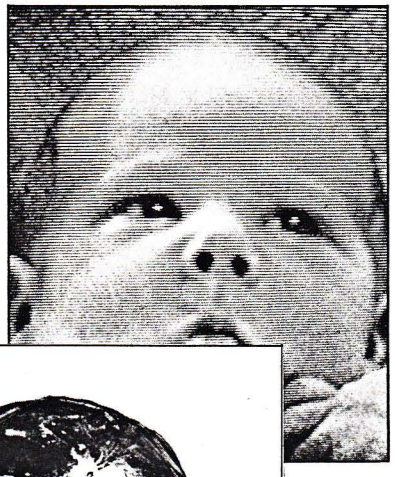

Yessir, this could be the start of a whole new life for li'l ol' me! No more threats in the mail...
WA!
No more scrimping and saving to keep the wolf from the door, no more...
VRRRM!
VRRRRM!
WA!
OH, NO! NOT AGAIN!!
SKREEE
BAM!
Next time that happens... I'll fire my driver !
I've been hounding the city for months to fix this street! I bet they'll jump when I've got some bucks, the bums!
Darn radio's on the blink again, too!
WHA!!
KLUNK!
Hang on, Little Nelson! Rough going ahead!
THUMP!
KRRACK!
HUH?
OH, MY LORD!
SKWUNCH!
My Namesake is DEAD! And I KILLED HIM!

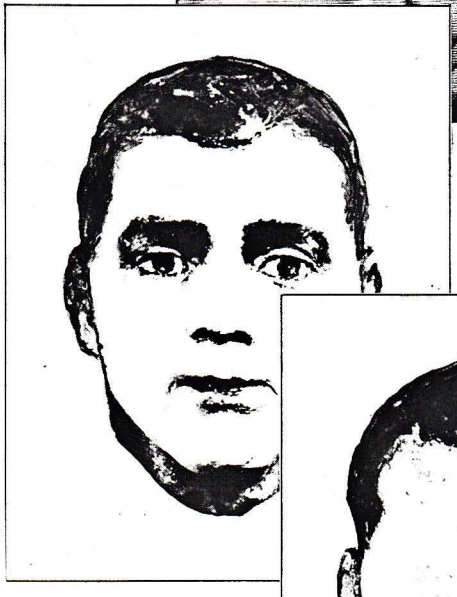
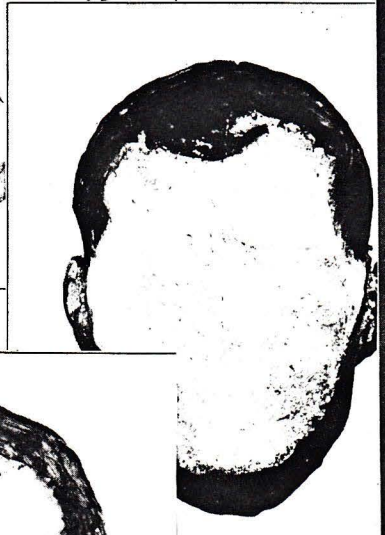
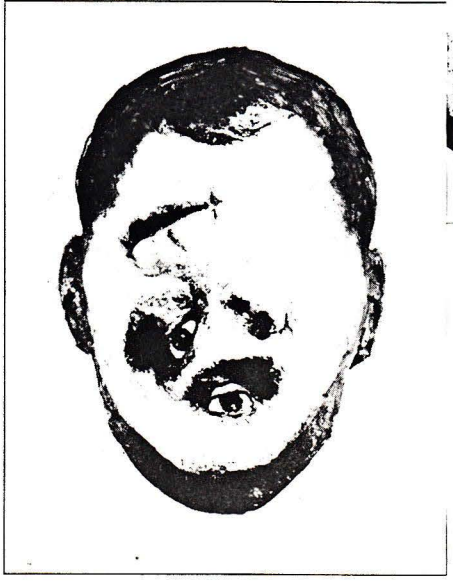
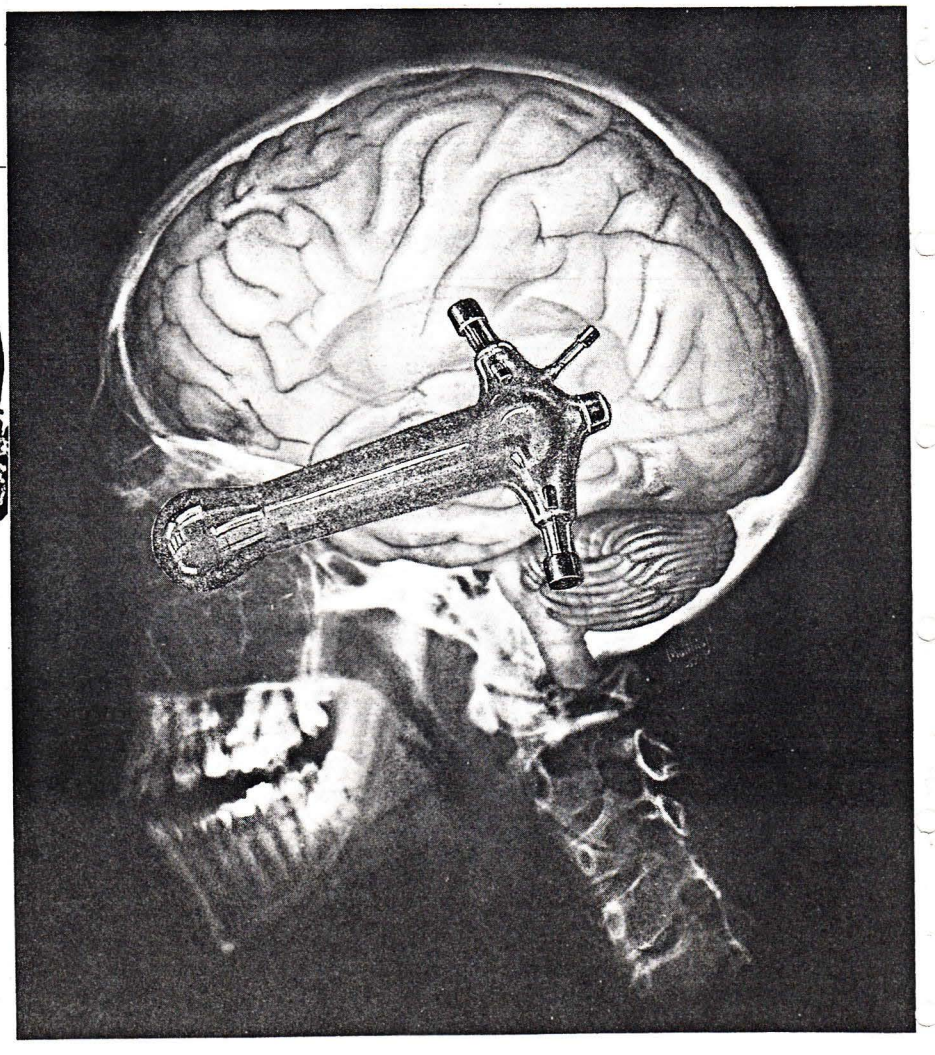

EEYAAAH! WHAT NEXT?!?
13013
KA-WHAM! Shatter! CLANK!
CLUNK!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
ding!
mmmBZT! Fzzt!...We repeat, all citizens are asked to be on the lookout for millionaire maniac Ardwell Arbogackle, who escaped from Happydale Sanitarium earlier today...
...driving an asylum staff vehicle and disguised as a doctor. He is not necessarily dangerous, but is to be considered utterly unpredictable and completely insane! There's no telling what this guy will do! Once again, all citi...
CLICK!
Hey! Hey pal! You okay? Hey, wake up!
...uuh...
It's alright, pal, I'm a doctor! Here, take these pills, fix ya right up!
I killed him.. I killed my nephew...
Okay, you can tell me about it in the truck! You better be sitting down when those meds hit!
...DEAD... ...DEAD...
I got your address from your wallet! You just get in and we can chat while I take you home!
PYDALE
ARIUM

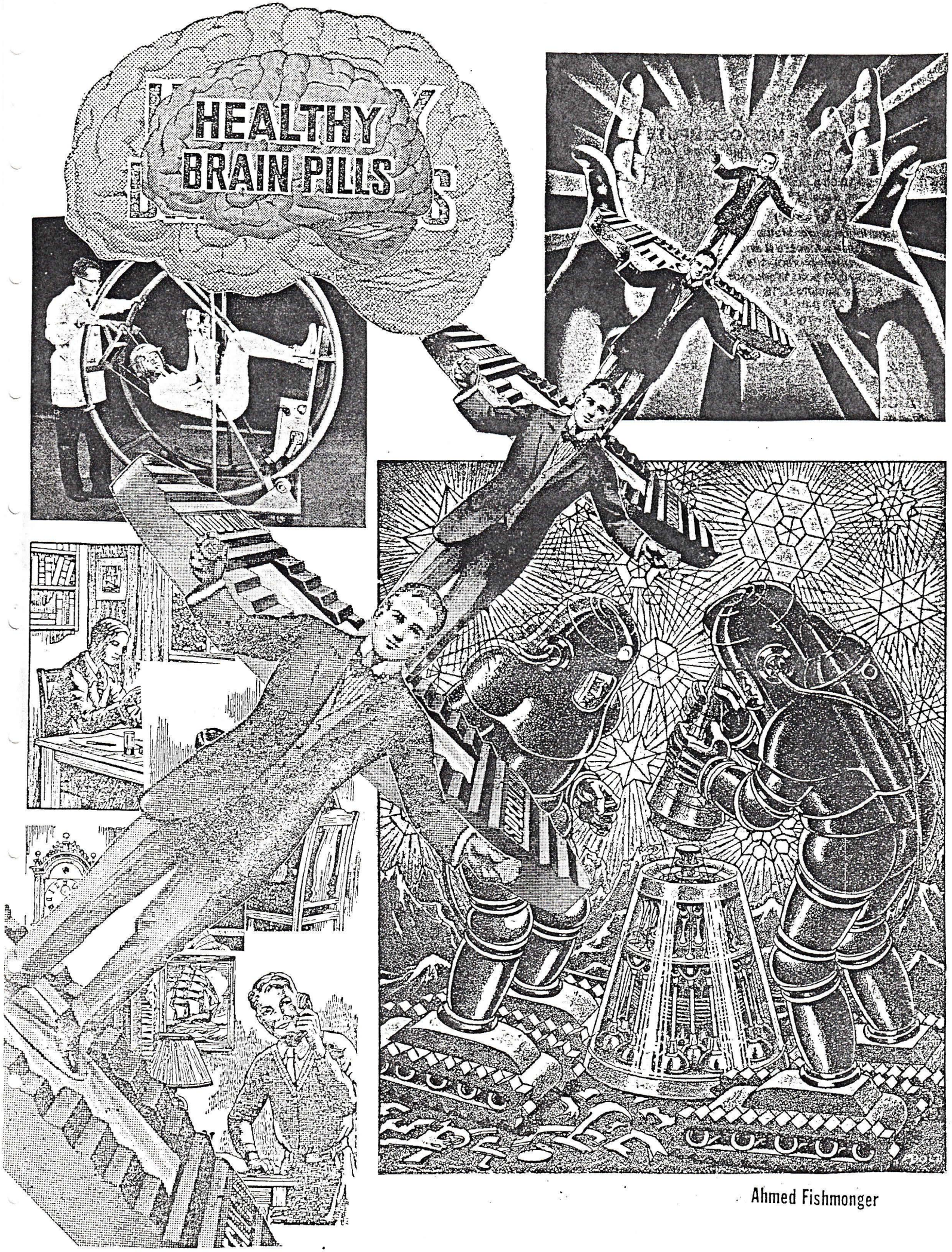
Isn't that a shame? people dumping their garbage in the road like that?
My big chance... to be somebody... and I... feel... funny..
Have s'more pills, bud, fix ya right up!
This sure is some lousy street! I'll get it fixed for ya! I'm a doctor!
And then he fell... through the floor... spinning...
WHAM!
CHUNK!
Here ya go, mac! Home sweet home! Right as rain!
The wheel...spinning and crushing... killing and KILLING!
THE BABY IS GONE AND IF I DON'T GET A NEW ONE I'LL GET IN TROUBLE!
Well, why didn't you say so? All you gotta do is go get another baby, right?
Huh? YEAH! But where do I do I do I do...
Why at the baby store of course! Here's some money, and my doctor hat..
I'll stay here and tidy up! Goodbye! Good luck!
GOODBYE! GOOD LUCK!
Parnon me, offiffer, can you direct me to the baby store?
So, you poor nut! Ya thought you'd fool us by gettin' a shave an' a haircut, eh?
Ummm... No? ...Yes?
...and, Mrs. Arbogackle, since your husband has lost all contact with reality, we are left with no alternative... it's really for his own good, I'm sure you'll agree... Sign here, please...
SOB! choke!

...On the lighter side of the news, police responded with massive destructive force to quell a minor disturbance in a quiet residential neighborhood today! Here's Myrneen Skullhaven on the scene! Myrneen?
Thanks, Ed! The scene is one of utter desolation here! Officers were alerted by garbagemen of a baby in the trash behind the home of Nelson N. Noslen of Placid Court! They were met at the door by Noslen...
... clad only in a lampshade and a tartan cummerbund! He immediately overpowered one officer, seizing his service revolver and fired wildly into the air, mouthing obscenities which officers decline to repeat!
...Aerial reinforcements were called in and after a standoff lasting nearly eight minutes, the entire area was inundated with napalm, defoliants, and armor-piercing projectiles! No trace of Noslen or his home have been found...
...but his vehicle was found a short time ago, wrapped around a telephone pole just half a mile from here! Department spokes-persons have released no statement as yet, but roadblocks are being set up throughout the tri-county area! Back to you, Ed!
Thanks, Myrneen! Heh, heh! I guess it takes all kinds to make a world, eh Bill?
It sure does, Ed! And it takes all kinds of weather to make a world too, as we'll see right after...
Time for your medication, Mr. Arbogackle!
...WE'RE UP TO OUR EYEBALLS IN SOFAS AND DINETTES!
Oh, who could have left this on? You don't need to worry about this old stuff, do you?
CLIK!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCH
You poor man, It's a lucky thing you made all that money before you went off your nut!
At least you've got no more worries! Nothing to do but relax and take it easy!
END

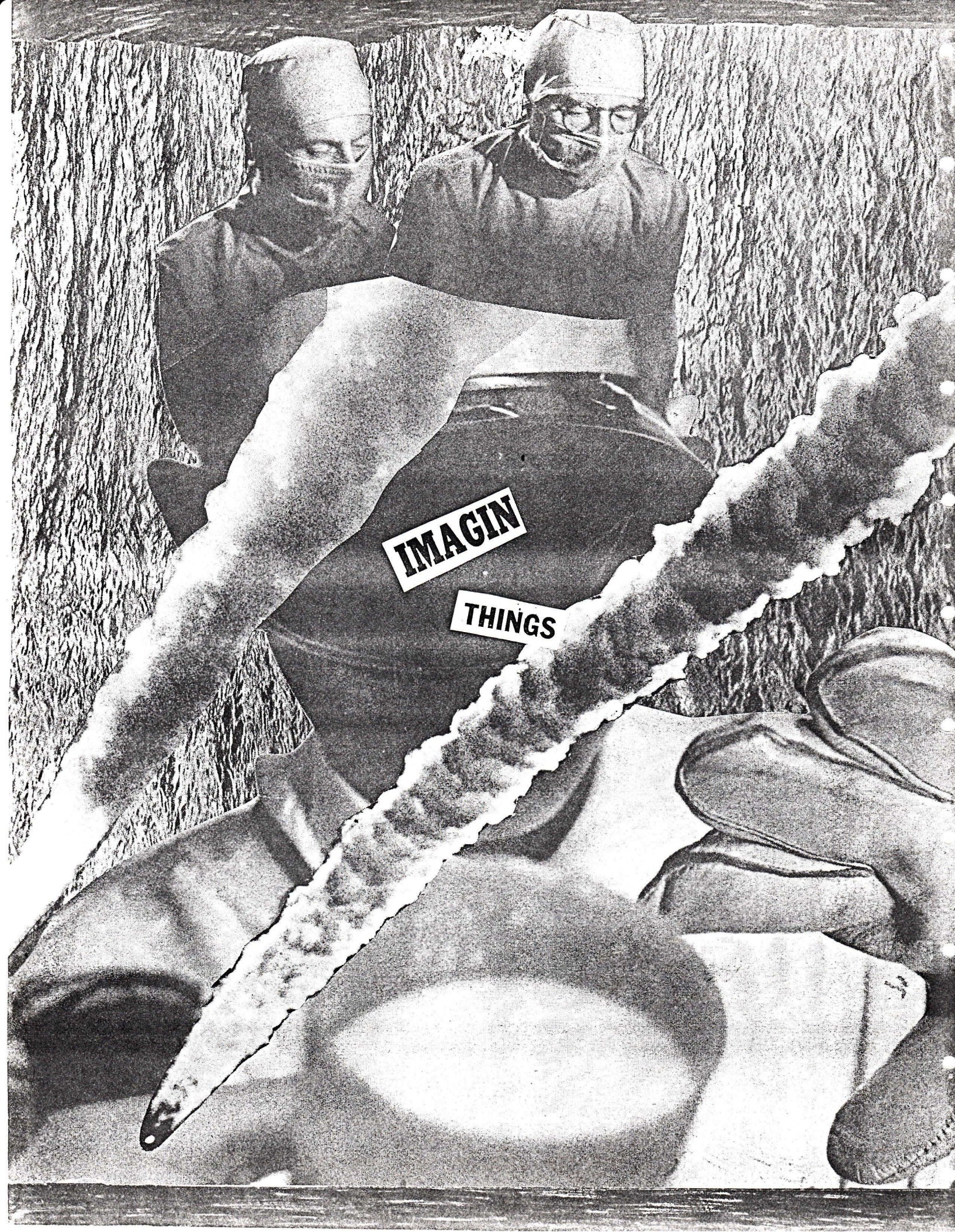




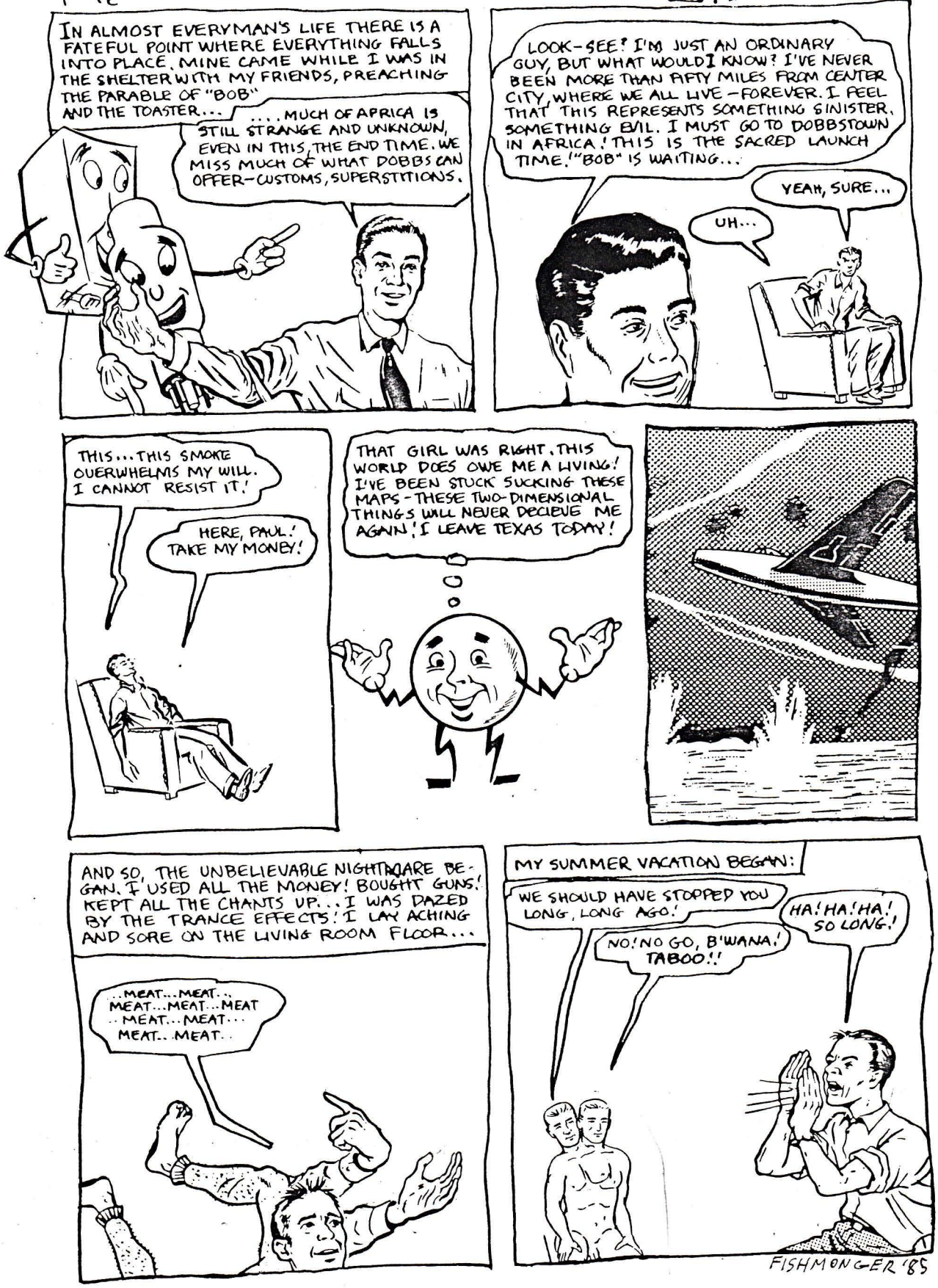







Ahmed Fishmonger


IMAGIN
THINGS

The Land of Endless Slack LIES



PUBLIC NOTICE! **PUBLIC NOTICE!** **PUBLIC NOTICE!**

ALIEN SPACE MONSTERS ARE TRYING TO CONTROL OUR MINDS!!

It's no secret that this great land of ours is being flooded with illicit, mind-altering drugs. Millions of pounds of cocaine, heroin, marijuana, bootleg pharmaceuticals and other poisons enter our shores every day. Where is it all coming from? Who's behind it all? Some people blame the CIA. Others blame corrupt government officials here and abroad. While it's true these people are partly to blame, they are, in fact, merely PAWNS in a much larger game. The truth is FAR WORSE!

The REAL source of the evil which is choking the life from this once proud nation and threatening to rip apart the very fabric of our existence is ..... NOT OF THIS EARTH! That's right, the REAL pushers AREN'T EVEN HUMAN! As hard as it may be to believe, the real culprits are actually ..... ALIEN SPACE MONSTERS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY!

Yes, it's true. They've come to this world from far away with only one purpose in mind: THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE! Deep in their green little hearts they know that if they tried attacking this planet directly they would be quickly repulsed by the combined armies of the world. So instead they're attacking us indirectly, gradually, one nation at a time. And their first target is right here. The good ol' U.S. of A. They know that once they have us under their slimey pseudopods the rest will be so much mop-up work.

Hard to believe? Think about it for a minute. Where are UFOs being sighted these days? The Andes, Peru, Central and South America. The very places where drugs are flowing from. Those earlier random sightings during the '50s and again in the '70s were merely their SCOUT SAUCERS looking for likely bases of operation. Now that they've found the sources of production and pinpointed the trade routes they're confining their activities to those areas to avoid arousing suspicion.

Not A Normal Human Being

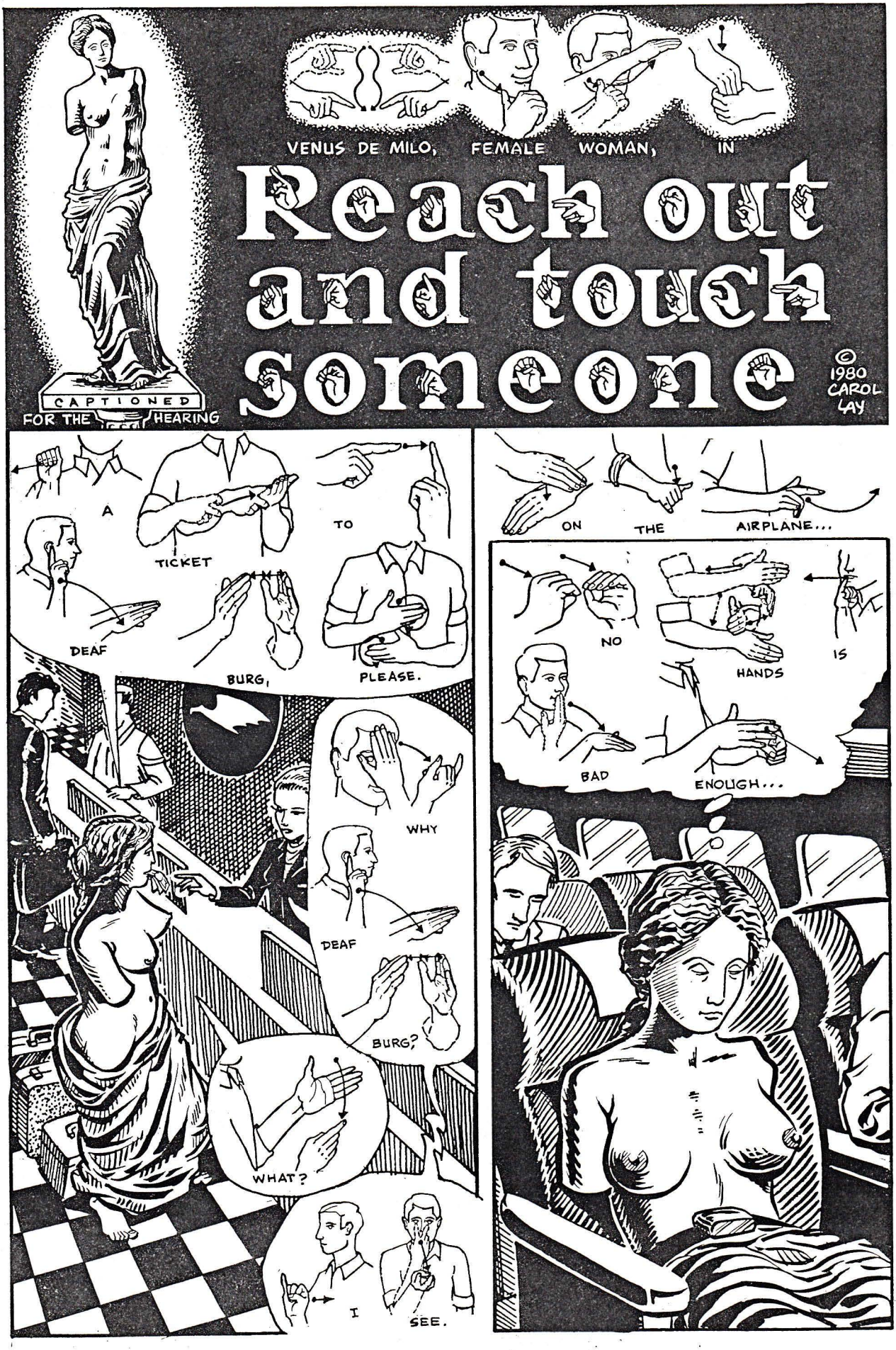
Ever wonder how all that stuff gets into the country in the first place? Do you think for one minute that mere humans can get through the tight security net erected by our government? Not a chance. The SAUCERS are bringing it in. Huge mother ships stuffed to the gills with mind numbing chemicals silently cruise the night skies while smaller transport saucers flit back and forth delivering their unholy goods. Meanwhile, down below, innocent families sleep peacefully unaware of the horror overhead. That's why the few sightings that are reported are always in remote, out-of-the-way locations. The Aliens are quietly dropping off their Care Packages from Hell for later pickup and distribution by their otherworldly helpers and half-human henchmen. And Heaven help any poor farmer or passing motorist who accidentally stumbles across one of their drop points and gets caught. They are quickly turned into mindless zombies and put to work selling drugs to school children.

Who, or what, are these creatures? Where did they come from? These questions may never be answered. What matters now is knowing that they are an insidious, malevolent force bent on conquest and total domination and they are HERE NOW. This is no Orson Welles put-on, no Halloween prank. This is the beginning of a life and death struggle for the hearts and minds of the people of Earth. Already these mutants have begun taking control of high government offices and channels of communication. Why do you think "V" was taken off the air?

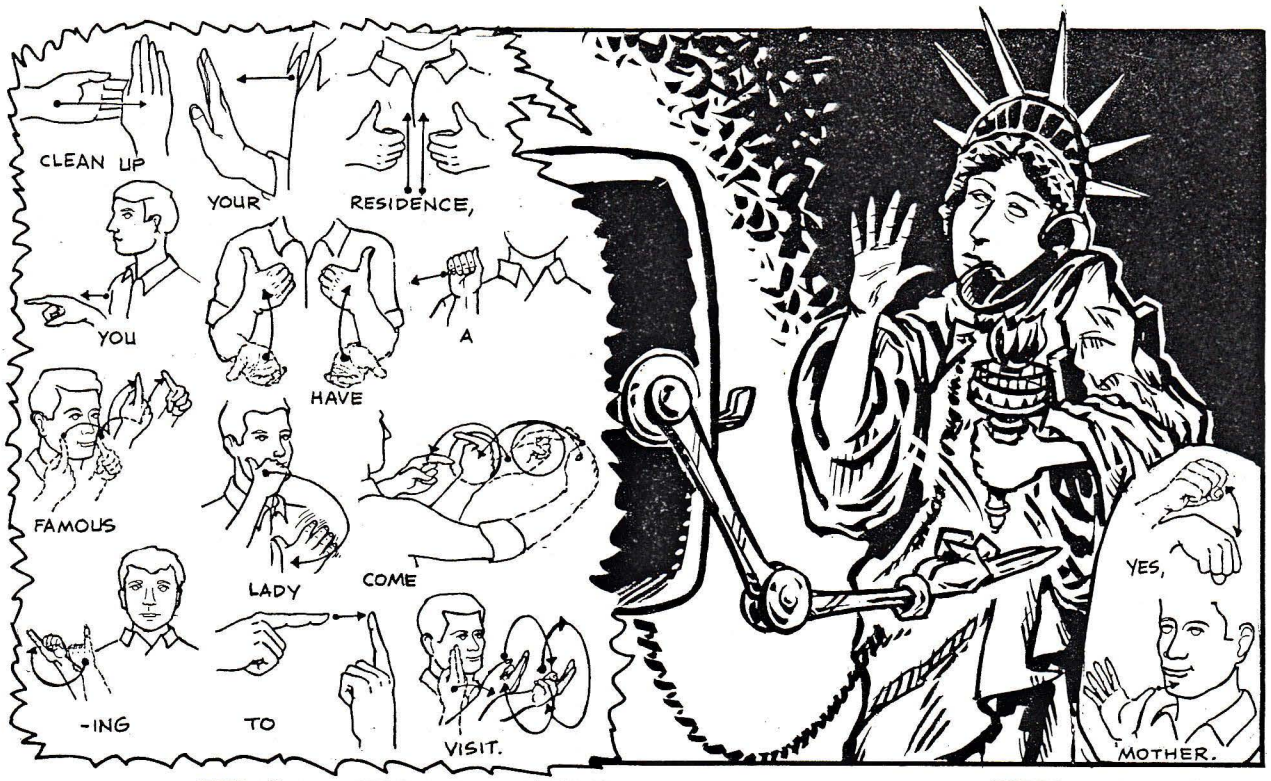
Make no mistake about it, the Universe is trying to move into YOUR neighborhood. The government has been trying to keep these facts "under wraps", either due to Alien contamination or in a misguided effort to keep the public from panicking. But the TRUTH will not be kept silent any longer.

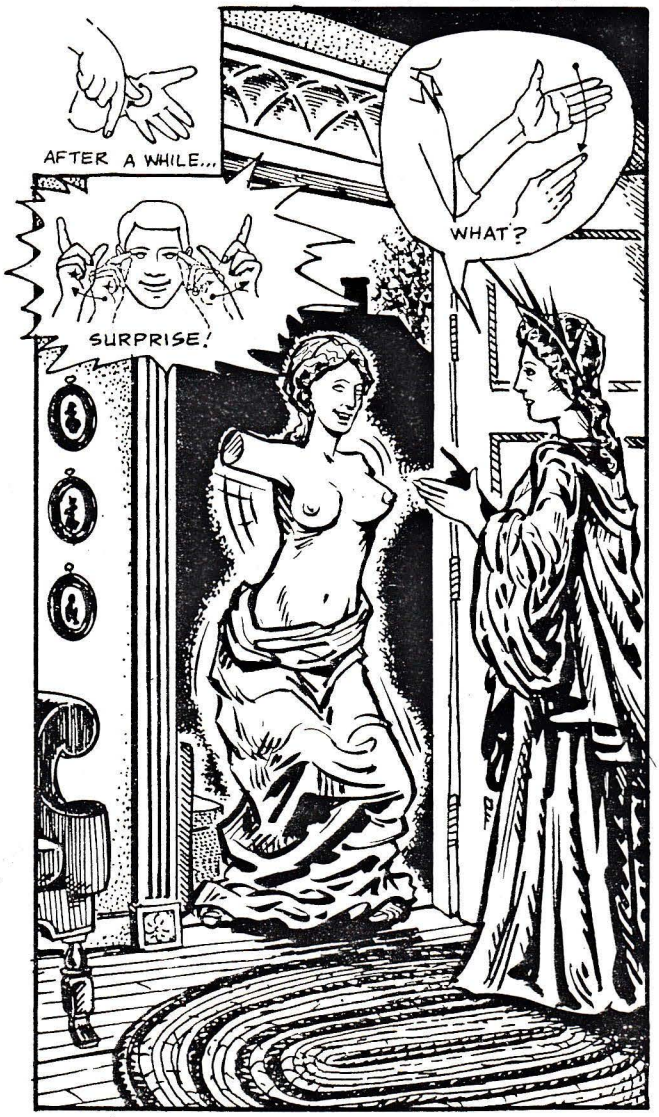
An informed populace is our best defense against invasion. What can you do? Get out your binoculars and telescopes. Form a neighborhood saucer watch. If you have an old anti-aircraft gun or rocket launcher lying around, by all means get it out and be prepared to use it. SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER! If you shoot down a passenger plane or army helicopter by mistake, don't worry. The authorities will understand. After all you're only trying to help. LET'S SHOW THOSE NO-GOOD ALIENS WHO'S BOSS IN THIS PART OF THE COSMOS.

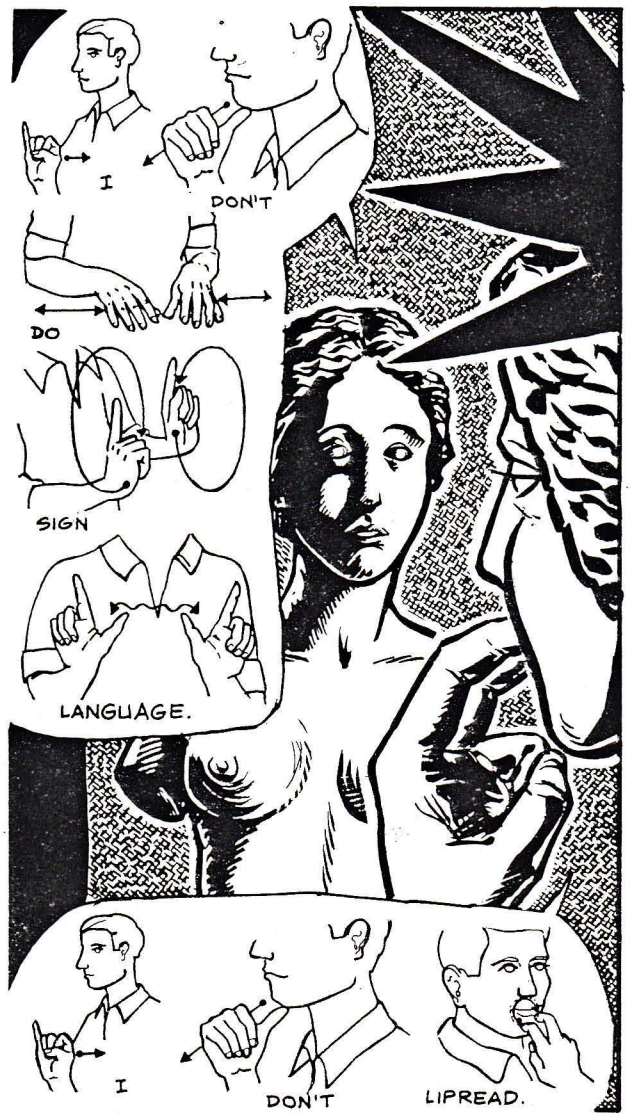
PRESENTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE CITIZENS FOR INCREASED AWARENESS
THE REMOTE CONTROL INSTITUTE
Buck Rt., Box 111
Hinton, WV 25951

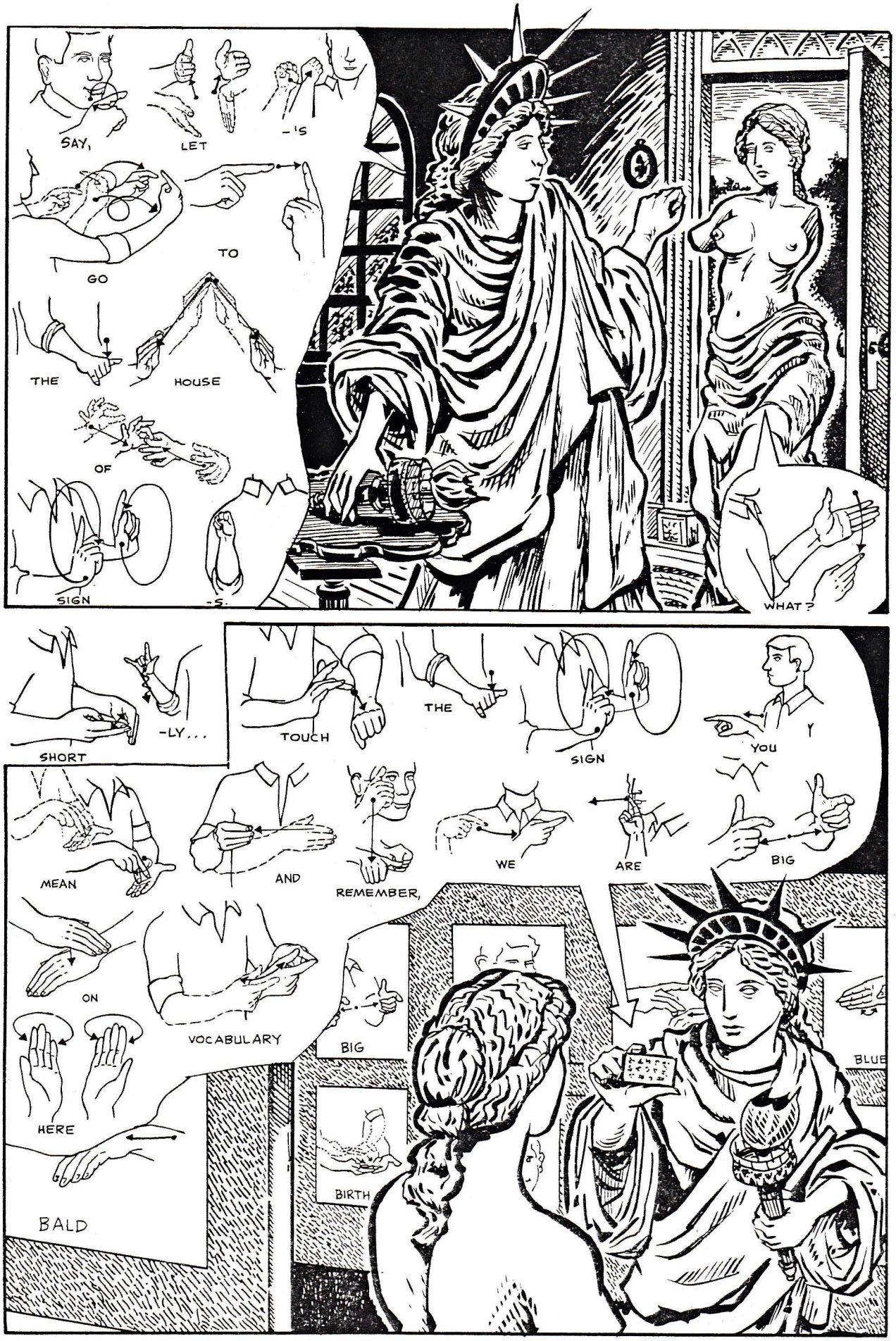

VENUS DE MILO, FEMALE WOMAN, IN
Reach out and touch someone
© 1980 CAROL LAY
CAPTIONED FOR THE HEARING
A
TICKET
TO
DEAF
BURG,
PLEASE.
WHY
DEAF
BURG?
WHAT?
I
SEE.
ON
THE
AIRPLANE...
NO
HANDS
IS
BAD
ENOUGH...

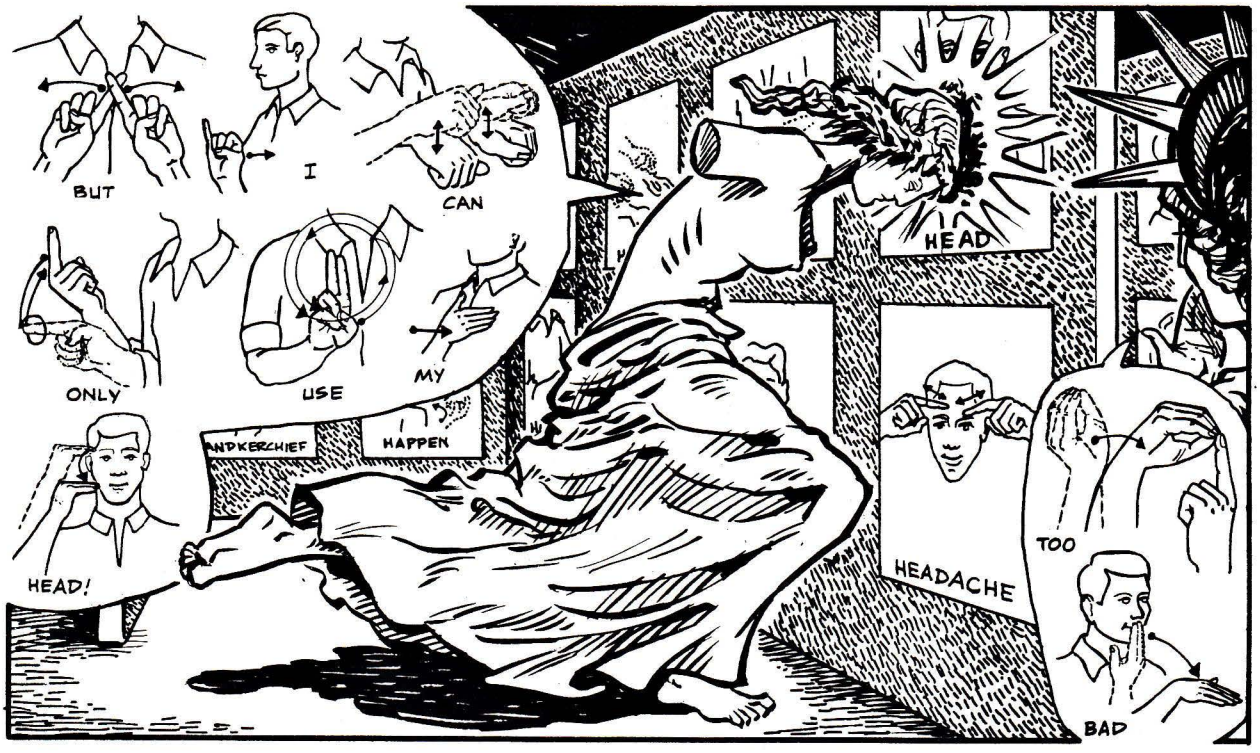
NOW
I
-'VE
BECOME
STONE
DEAF
BUT,
THANK YOU
JESUS
I
CAN
STILL
TALK --
DEAF
COMMUNITY,
HERE
I
COME!
MEANWHILE,
IN
DEAF-
BURG...
ATTENTION!
COME
-ING!


CLEAN UP
YOUR
RESIDENCE,
YOU
HAVE
A
FAMOUS
LADY
COME
-ING
TO
VISIT.
YES,
MOTHER.


AFTER A WHILE...
SURPRISE!
WHAT?


I
DON'T
DO
SIGN
LANGUAGE.
I
DON'T
LIPREAD.


SAY,
LET
-'S
GO
TO
THE
HOUSE
OF
SIGN
-S.
WHAT?
SHORT
-LY...
TOUCH
THE
SIGN
YOU
MEAN
AND
REMEMBER,
WE
ARE
BIG
ON
VOCABULARY
BIG
HERE
BIRTH
BLUE
BALD


BUT
I
CAN
ONLY
USE
MY
HEAD
HAPPEN
HEAD!
HEADACHE
TOO
BAD

FINAL-
-LY...
I
'VE
LEARN
-ED
THAT
WHERE
THERE
IS
A
WILL,
THERE
IS
A
WAY.
YOU
SAID
A
HAND
FULL.
END

PLAKMAT DUR!
BOSTHVAT EM, GUL TOMAT DUS, GOMBON RAL... PLAKMAT DUR!
PEL VALAS VUL KIRISH GRA BORU FONA MOR PLAKMAT DUR!
TAL TON... PLAKMAT DUR!
ZAROMO KUCUL...
BAL BIS PLAKMAT DUR!
PONUL MES RA, NUELA GON PO VROL SA... PLAKMAT DUR!
PLAKMAT DUR!
RUGGLES SMADBECK

IS SOMEONE ELSE GETTING YOUR BLOWJOB??

NOT YOU!

Come on now, think about it, other people are getting all those goodies that YOU ought to have. Why? Why does that other guy have that Porsche? Cocaine? Better sex? All that dough? What's wrong with you that's right with him? Ya know, it might just be that he has latched onto the one thing that you thought was too stupid to make any difference. Maybe HE joined THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS while YOU did'nt because it was bad for your image. Maybe HE plugged into the vast, bottomless SLACK that is the birthright of the SUBGENIUS while YOU continued life as an inconsequential SCHLEP. Perhaps HE sent one teeny tiny dollar to P.O. BOX 140306, DALLAS, TX 75214 for the inspirational words of the great megaprophet J.R."Bob" Dobbs thereby totally changing his life forever, turning him into a macro-evolved OVERMAN while YOU spent that dollar on video games. It's even possible that he sent them a mere twenty dollars to join the clergy of that arcane sect giving him seemingly godlike prowess and confidence for less than the price of a tank of gas.

YOU, on the other hand, spent five times that much last year on KRAFT® macaroni and cheese dinners.

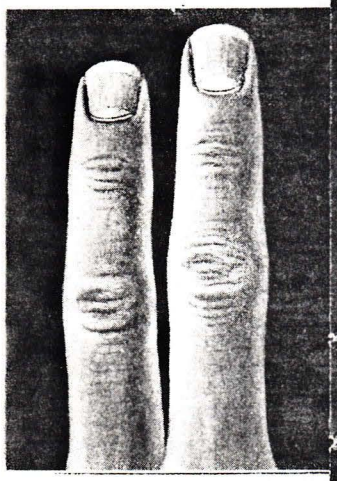
Now, I don't want to say that because of this seemingly minor oversight on your part that your life is total horseshit. No, no, no. Hey, I'm sure your mom likes you just fine. But at the same time, did you ever wonder, is someone else getting YOUR blowjob?

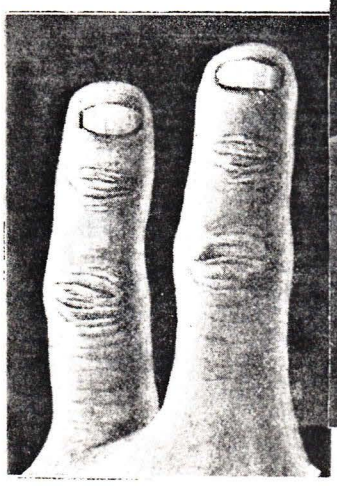
Look, Bozo, there is still time, but not much. Send that buck before it's too late. Terrible, awful, horrible things are going to happen SOON. We can tell you what to watch out for. THE WORLD ENDS TOMORROW AND YOU MAY DIE!

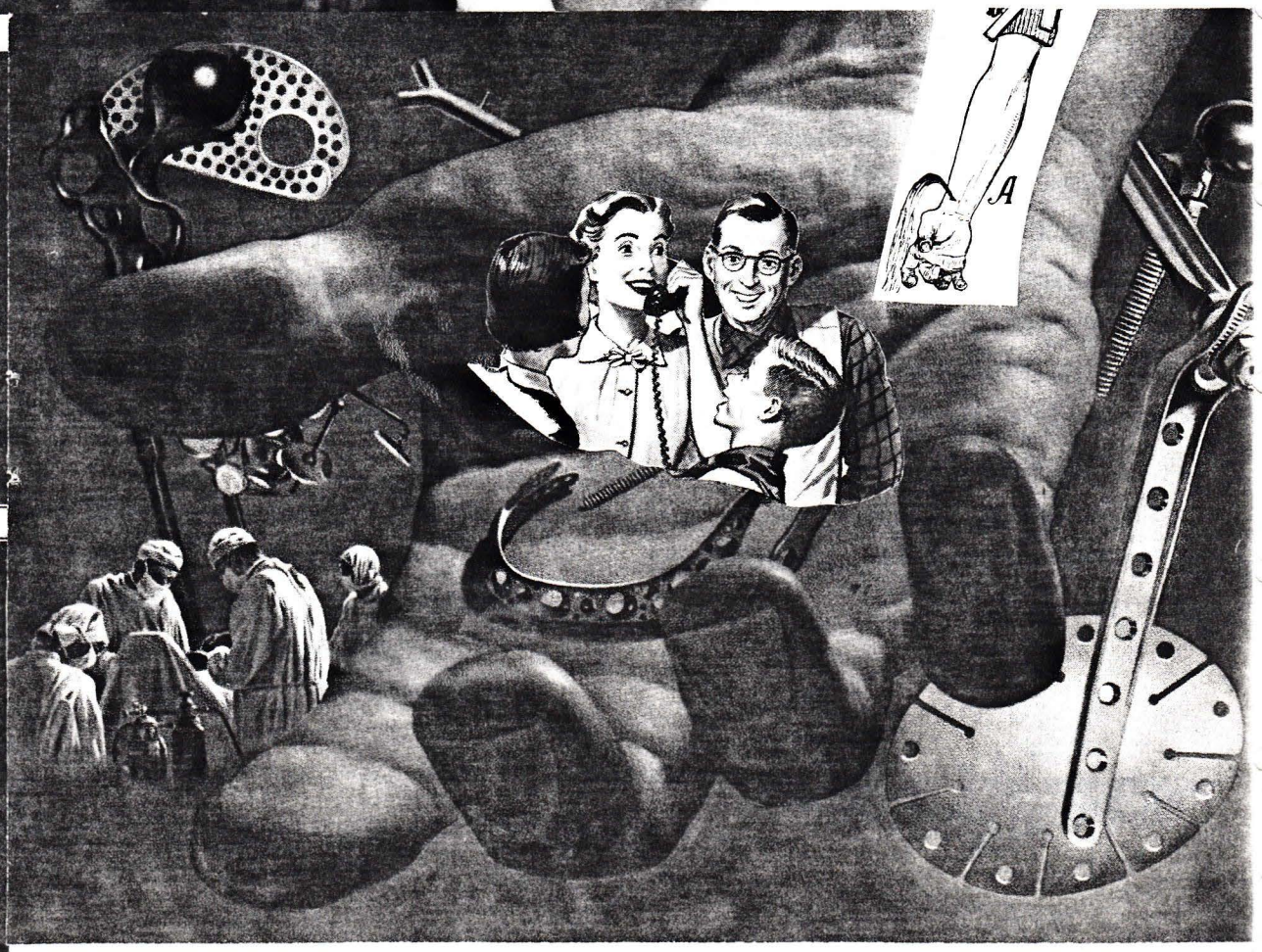
"Researching the Public's Fear of the Unknown Since 1953!"

The Church of the SubGenius™

P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214





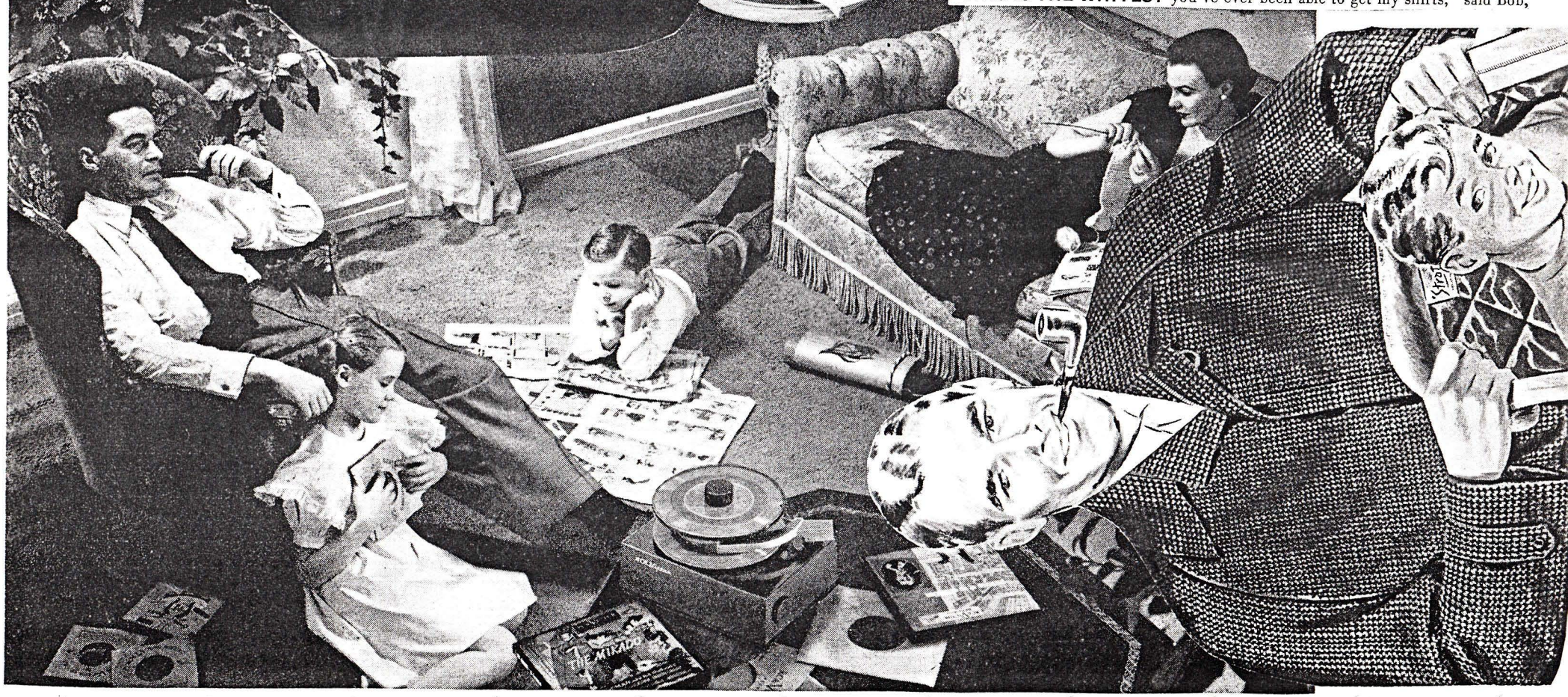


What Was in Sammy's Pocket?

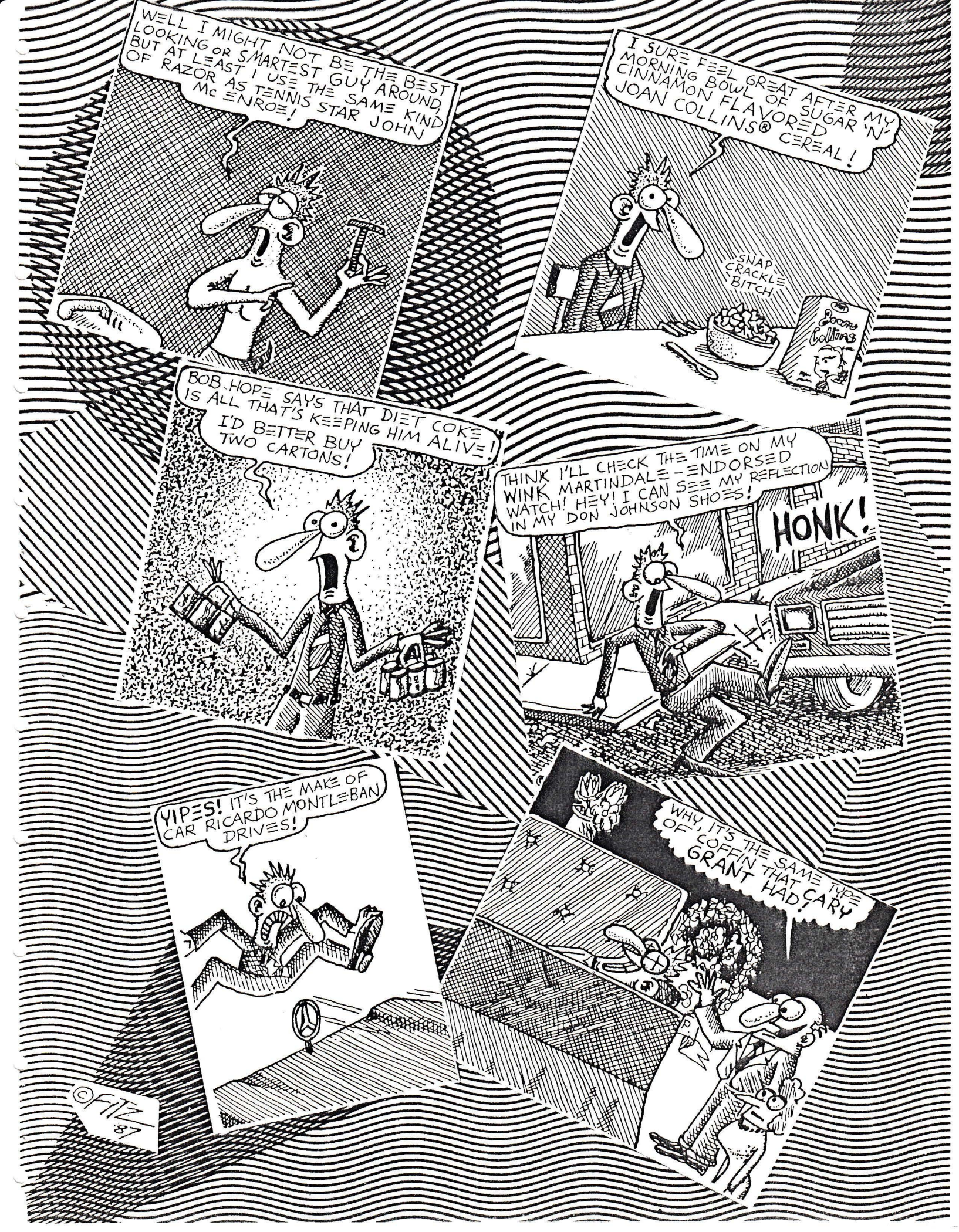
RUGGLES
SMADBECK

DOBBS Family Album Excerpt
J'HOVA 10 6-3-87

"THIS IS THE WHITEST you've ever been able to get my shirts," said Bob,



J. HOVAIO


WELL I MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST LOOKING OR SMARTEST GUY AROUND, BUT AT LEAST I USE THE SAME KIND OF RAZOR AS TENNIS STAR JOHN McENROE!
I SURE FEEL GREAT AFTER MY MORNING BOWL OF SUGAR 'N' CINNAMON FLAVORED JOAN COLLINS® CEREAL!
SNAP CRACKLE BITCH
Joan Collins
BOB HOPE SAYS THAT DIET COKE IS ALL THAT'S KEEPING HIM ALIVE! I'D BETTER BUY TWO CARTONS!
THINK I'LL CHECK THE TIME ON MY WINK MARTINDALE-ENDORSED WATCH! HEY! I CAN SEE MY REFLECTION IN MY DON JOHNSON SHOES!
HONK!
YIPES! IT'S THE MAKE OF CAR RICARDO MONTLEBAN DRIVES!
WHY, IT'S THE SAME TYPE OF COFFIN THAT CARY GRANT HAD!
©FITZ 87

DESTRUCTION NOTICE

WHY — To prevent the enemy from using or salvaging this equipment for his benefit.

WHEN — When ordered by your commander.

HOW — 1. Smash — Use sledges, axes, handaxes, pickaxes, hammers, crowbars, heavy tools.

2. Cut — Use axes, handaxes, machetes.

3. Burn — Use gasoline, kerosene, oil, flame throwers, incendiary grenades.

4. Explosives — Use firearms, grenades, TNT.

5. Disposal — Bury in slit trenches, fox holes, other holes. Throw in streams. Scatter.

USE ANYTHING IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE FOR DESTRUCTION OF THIS EQUIPMENT.

WHAT — 1. Smash — Front panels of sets, tubes, capacitors, meters, carrying cases, etc., castings and spark plugs of power supply.

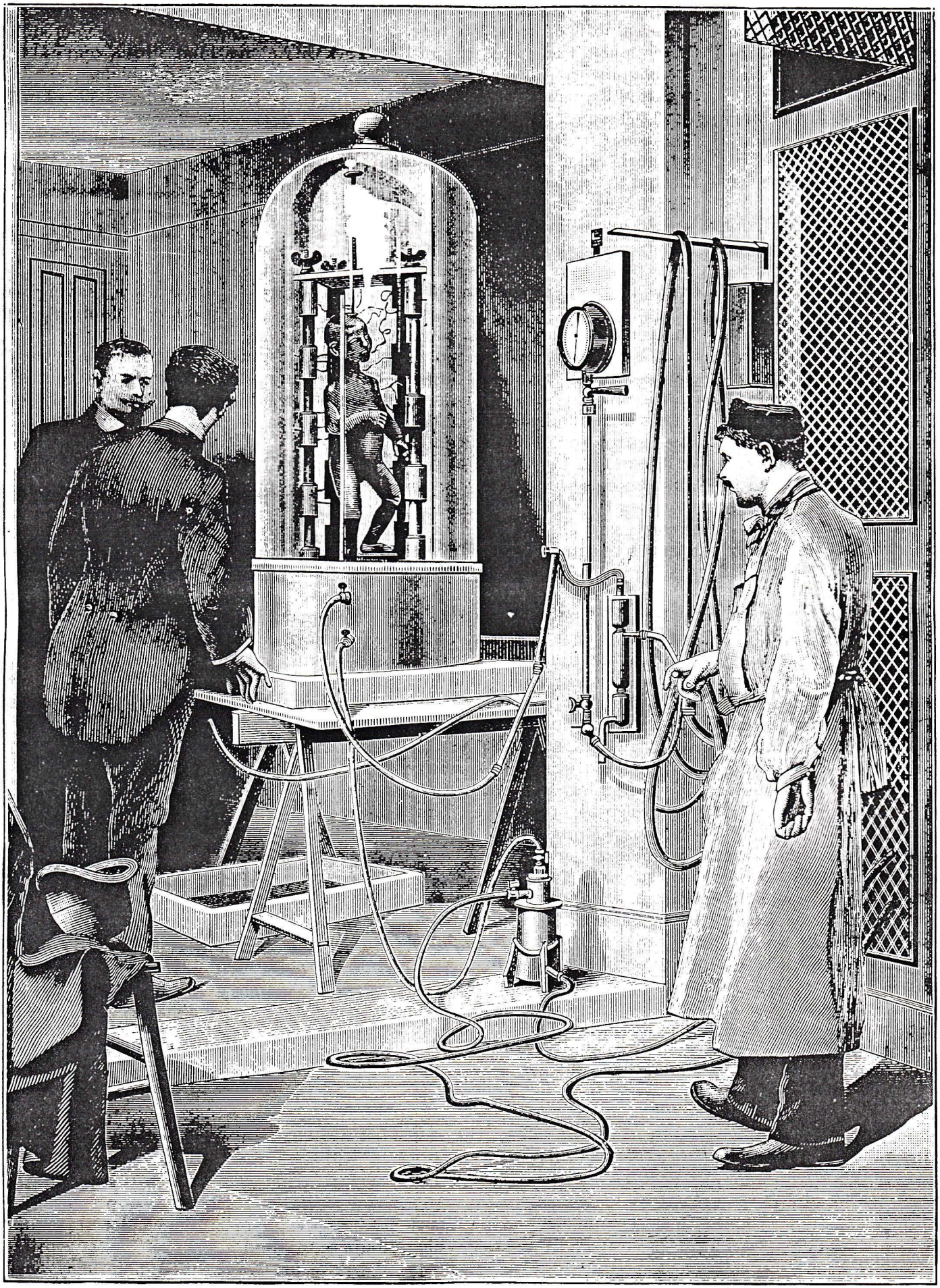
2. Cut — All cords, cables, wiring, etc.

3. Burn — All smashed parts as well as all books and papers concerning the equipment.

4. Bend — Mast sections, dipole elements, etc.

5. Bury or scatter — Any or all of the above pieces after breaking or burning.

DESTROY EVERYTHING



Stuff in this issue

Front cover-Ahmed Fishmonger
Inside cover-Ahmed Fishmonger

Pg.1-5-Ken DeVries

Pg.6-Ahmed Fishmonger

Pg7-Ahmed Fishmonger

Pg.8-Donna Kossy

Pg.9-LIES/Fishmonger

Pg.10-Remote Control

Pg.11-15-Carol Lay

Pg.16-Ruggles Smadbeck

Pg.17-Fishmonger Grafix Studios

Pg.18-M.W.Shores

Pg.19-Ruggles Smadbeck

Pg.20-J-Hova-10

Pg.21-Donna Kossy

Pg.22-J-Hova-10

Pg.23-Tony Fitzgerald

Pg.24-Joe Schwind

Pg.25-The Mystery Page

Pg.26- Table of contents/
Kossy/Nenslo

Inside back-Kim Deitch/Orton Nenslo

Back cover-Ahmed Fishmonger

AAHOOOOOOH!

WELL SINCE MY BABY LEFT ME, I FOUND A NEW PLACE TO DWELL, IT'S DOWN AT THE END OF LONELY STREET AT HEARTBREAK HOTEL...

ZIPPY

I SURRENDER DEAR!

COLT

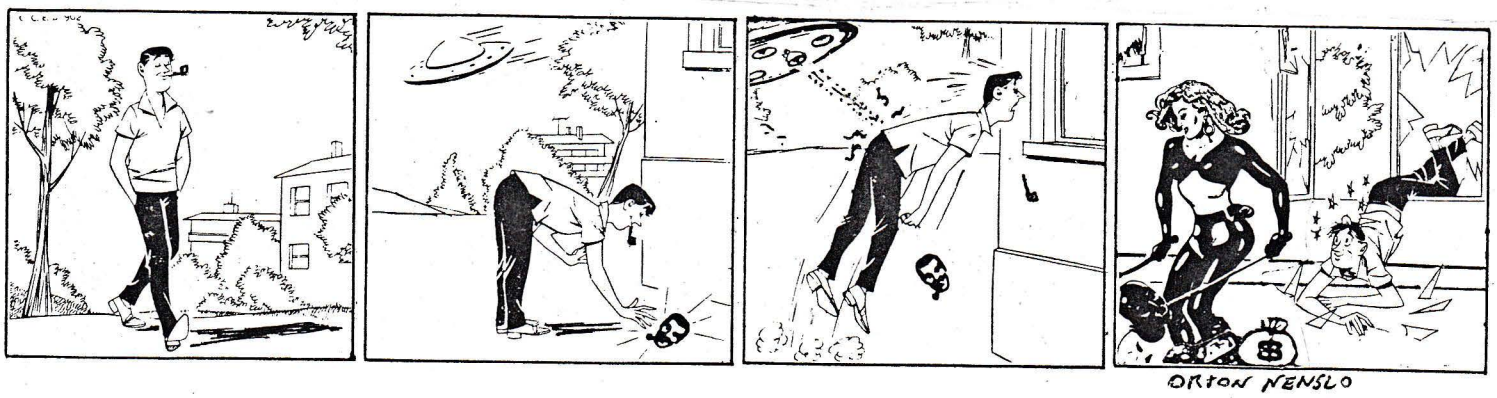
WILSON'S

MACH REAGAN

~TALENT NIGHT~
DOWN ON LONELY STREET.

FOR SETH

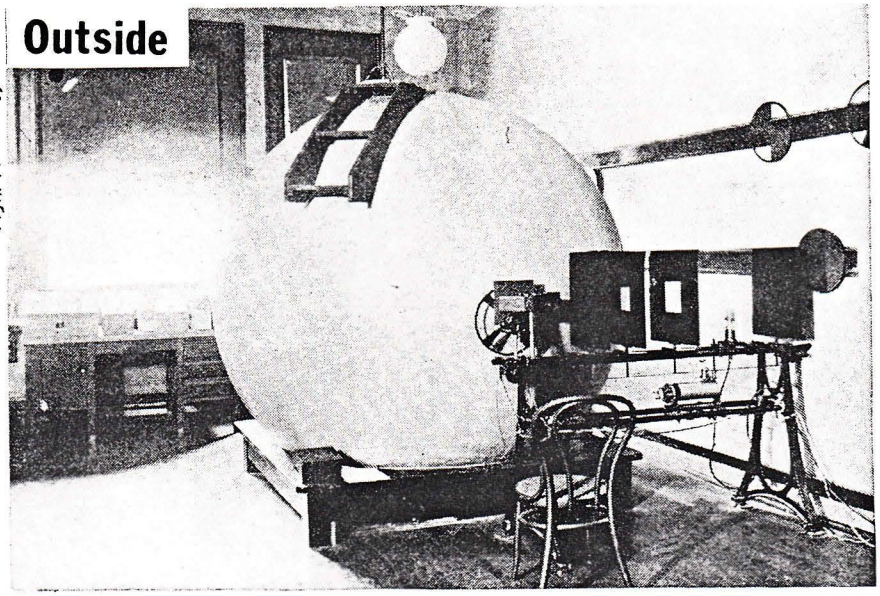
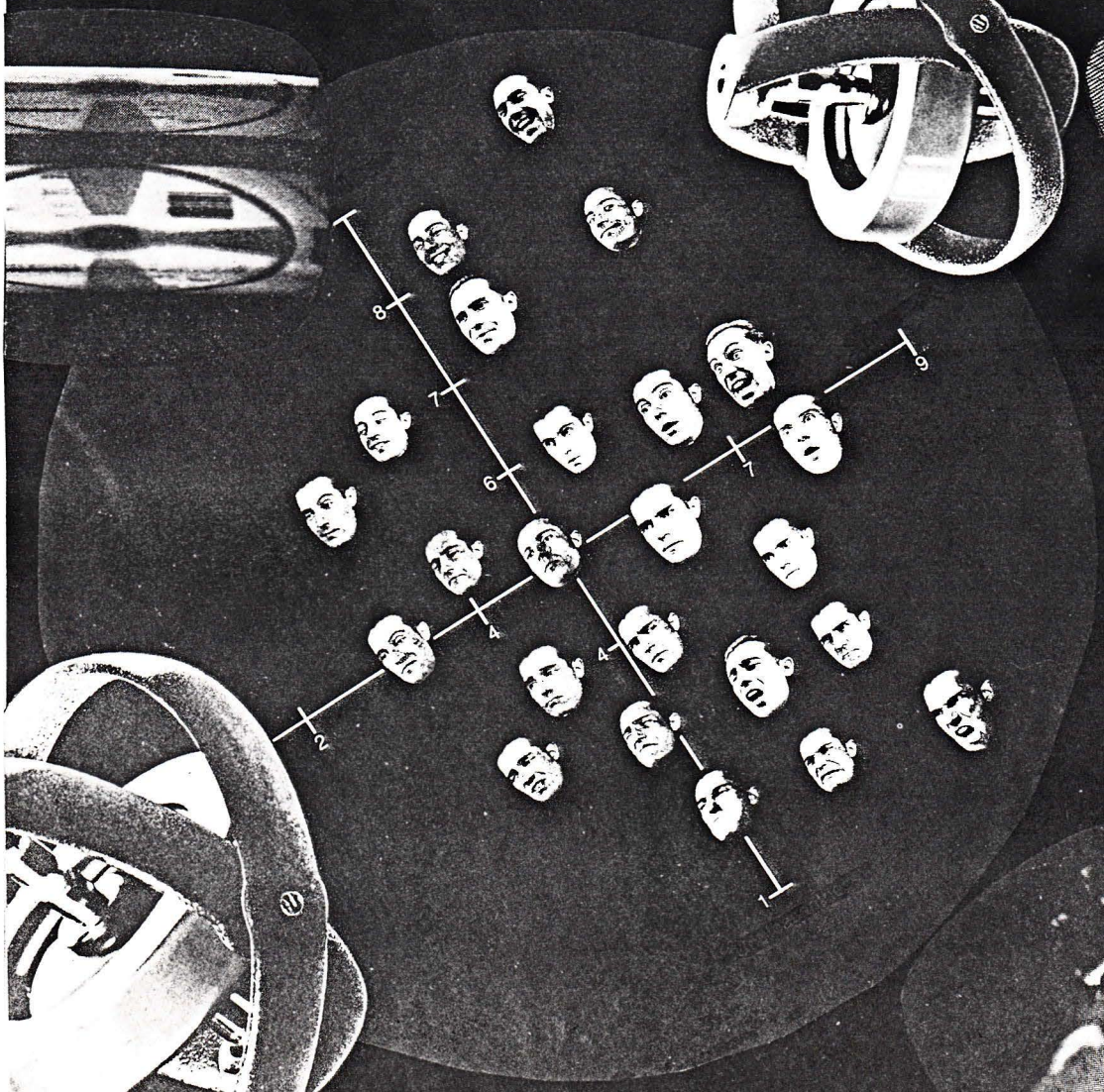
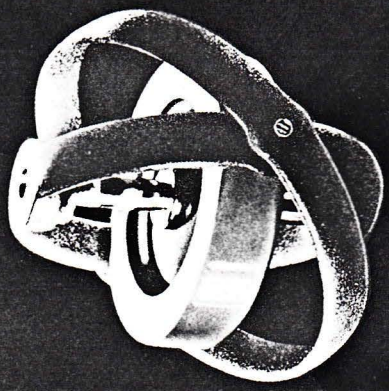
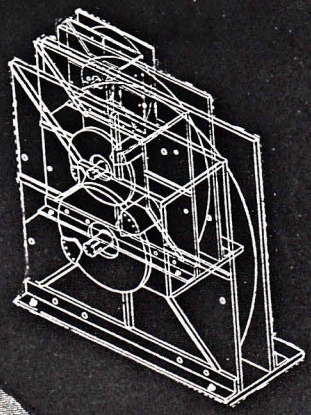
Kim Deitch 87



ORTON NENSLO

FISHMAGLER 87

Outside



Inside